

Doriman, seeing him pale, offered his assistance, which Strephon refused. Doriman, in a kind of ill humour departed, but the voice of his uncle still pursued him; and his soul, shaken by this puissant thunder, became confounded.

He returned;—he wished to banish from his memory this violent scene: he now discovered, in spite of himself, a dawn of virtue. We bear in the centre of our hearts, an upright judge. That judge which had been so long asleep in the heart of Doriman, was awakened at the voice of his uncle. This was the first part of virtue which flew from that obstinate soul.

Doriman was greatly agitated; he walked about without knowing whither he went. An inward sentiment abased him; and he became contemptible in his own eyes. The well-meant reproofs of his uncle began to operate, and his voice was heard with as much attention as if it had been the sacred organ of truth and virtue. He trembled: shame sat upon his countenance. He felt an inclination to examine his heart, and conciliate the ideas within it. He shut himself up; he reflected on what he had heard, and what he had seen: the virtuous eloquence of his uncle; that vehemence, which he could not but approve; that tenderness which shone through his noble rage. He pictured to himself the extatic pleasure

pleasure which Strephon enjoyed on consoling an unfortunate father; that rapture which manifested itself by tears that were not counterfeited, but flowed spontaneous from the heart. The sensibility of the one; and the gratitude of the other; the rapid passage from joy to sorrow when he saw the old gentleman cast his eyes upon him; that impulse of horror which he could not restrain; all these reflections inspired him with a detestation of himself. Ah! said he, a dear, but cruel hand has plucked off the veil that hid from me my own deformity! Is there a single virtue that will recompence the sacrifices made to it? Is there a pleasure annexed to benevolence and munificence? It must be so, for my uncle finds himself happy, honoured, and esteemed; whilst I (to my shame I own it) am miserable and contemptible in the very bosom of my riches.

Taught by this example, let us never despair of overcoming any vice, especially when opposed by reason.

MORAL.

Avarice is its own punishment, while charity and benevolence procure true content and pleasure to the generous and humane.